A TRUE PICTURE

Of the much Honoured & Reverend

Mr. JOHN KING,

(Sometimes Miniſter of *Abbots-Langley*, *Hertfordſhire*) for the *Cloſets* of his *Friends*.

Will he that diggs up rugged Stone direct,
Or the rough Maſon venture to erect
A Royal Tomb? Yet I, unskilful I,
Am call'd to ſtrain my Nature in an *Elegy*
On a good *King*. Nothing will pleaſe but Verſe.
Sad Verſe diſgrace a Kingly Prophet's Herſe.
But yet I'll try, altho another mend.
An ill-drawn Picture of a loved Friend,
As much eſteem'd, is hung in chiefeſt place.
Love overlooks courſe Paint; 'tis the dear Face
It hangs upon; if that be taken right,
It draws, more than the Frame or Paint, the Sight.
I will not paint, I'll take my Pen, and write;
I'll uſe no Colours, only black and white.
The one his Death and Innocence preſent;
The other that, which mourning I lament.

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40. 6. 12. 170.

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Take a full ſtroke: At one ſtroke write him *Saint*,
That did abhor all Hypocritic Paint.
Next, in him there was nothing low, but Stature,
Which was ſuppli'd with noble Soul and Feature.
In him you'd think you ſaw ſome Judg, or rather
Some grave and ancient, learned, holy Father.
Yea, our *King*'s Face had Majeſty and Love.
He look'd as tho he fought a Crown above.
He never mir'd his Soul in worldly Pelf,
Nor wanted what was decent for himſelf.
Had he mov'd higher, he had, like the Sun,
Done good to all, and been by none outdone.
He ſpake his very thoughts, when Hoſpitals,
Or Learning, Schools, or Colleges, or Halls,
Were ſpoken of; had Wealth been at's Command,
The Scholar, Poor, and Saint had had good Land.
Great Souls will talk of what they cannot do,
And of the Good they do, think meanly too:
Juſt ſo did he. — He early was a Man,
A manly Chriſtian Courſe betimes began.

Dr. *Tho. Taylor*, of *Aldermanbury*, then of *Watford*.

Good Doctor *Taylor* did by Exerciſe
In *Greek* take his juſt meaſure, not by ſize,
As learn'd enough to wear a Gown, with thoſe,
That in *Immanuel* to Greatneſs roſe:
What Men they were, I've often heard him tell,
How dear to Chriſt, the true *Immanuel*.
He liv'd not there to eat, and drink, and ſleep,
But ſuck'd his *Alma Mater*, and drunk deep
Out of her ſacred Cups: The learned Arts,
The Tongues, and ſacred Knowledg fill'd his Parts.
Well ſtor'd, at his good Father's time and will,
He *Cambridg* left, but loth to try his Skill,
Till Grace and Prayers did in time prevail,
And the good Spirit drew aſide the Vail

Of

Of Modeſty, which to his dying day
Hung o're his Face, and was not laid away.
Great Doctor *Sibbs* did with alluring Smile,
Train him into his Toil, and by a Wile,
An honeſt Wile, got him faſt fixed there,
Where he well ſpent near three and fifty year.
The firſt Flight from his Neſt ('twas ſhort) he took, From his Father's Houſe in *Watford* to *Langley*.
Was to the Houſe of old Sir *Robert Brook*:
Whoſe Lady, Holy and Elect, behind
Yet ſtays and waiteth for a happy Wind.
I did admire to hear, while ſince, how ſtill
She writes Epiſtles, as with Angel's Quill.
'Twas *She* and *Sibbs* that chiefly laid the Plot,
To mount him in that Pulpit; and when got
Into the Mount, nothing e're mov'd or drew
Him thence, but *black* and windy *Barthol'mew*.
Of Meat, and Drink, and Cloth, he took no thought,
He cleanly trod the World, nor ſold, nor bought:
But kept his Study, left (as well he might)
Thoſe Cares unto the prudent over-ſight
Of a good Wife, who did diſcharge them well,
Whoſe Care and Induſtry did moſt excel.
On a ſmall Vic'rage he contented ſate,
His Charge came on, and ſo did his Eſtate.
I ne're knew Man that did ſo live and thrive,
And left ſo much to her that doth ſurvive.
He ſought God's Kingdom, and its Righteouſneſs,
And by ſo doing got the more, not leſs.
He was content in ſuch a ſtate to be,
As God had call'd him to in each degree.
He was a conſtant Student night and day;
It was his Meat to read, to preach, and pray.
His Home a Court, his Pulpit was his Throne;
He ſought the things of Chriſt, and not his own.

Could he have rul'd, none had been unbaptiz'd,
Nor one baptiz'd, had liv'd uncatechiz'd;
Nor one paſt unconfirmed, and unable
To plead his Title to the Lord's own Table.
He griev'd to think of Peoples Ignorance,
And fruitleſs uſe of every Ordinance.
His tender Heart did ſigh and groan, to think
That any Soul ſhould walk ſo near the brink
Of Hell, in Error, or foul ways of Sin,
And end far worſe than did their Lives begin.
He priz'd dear Souls, and was afraid their Blood
Should be requir'd, therefore deſir'd their Good.
But careleſs cruel Souls know not their Friends,
Until they come to miſerable Ends.
Mad ſinful Souls, deſpiſe, obſtruct, or hate
Thoſe Men that ſeek their Cure, and better ſtate.
His humble Mind did fear himſelf in fault,
When others fell, as if he did but halt
In his good Courſe. Of late when any di'd,
His Negligence he thought againſt him cry'd.
He was much bent on Perſonal Converſe,
Leſt any Soul ſhould die, except perverſe;
And was for ſtooping low to them, whoſe low
And meaner parts requir'd, that they might know
Their God, Themſelves, their Way, and latter End,
(To Souls of every ſize he was a friend)
And wiſh'd that every one would either come
To learn, or entertain the Word at home.
He fed the Lambs, and did o'reſee the Sheep,
From Errors, Pining, Rots them ſafe to keep.
He did not pull down what another built;
He did endeavour to avoid the guilt
Of ſitting ſilent, or of juſt Offence;
And both from a well ſtudi'd pious ſenſe.

He

He preach'd in Private, and in Publick heard;
The Private with the Publick never jarr'd.
Langly, lament thy Loſs! Tho he with Age
Was ſpent, yet ſuch Men's Deaths no good preſage:
No more then if experienc'd Horſemen fell
Dead in the Char'ot of God's *Iſrael.*
Had he ne're ſpoke, his holy Life did tell,
The way to Heaven was by living well.
His Voice was low; could he not ſpeak aloud?
Attentive ears will cloſe up in a Crowd.
So Souldiers will cloſe up, to underſtand
What their Commanders give them in command.
But when we ſpeak (except our Lungs we tear)
Of Life and Death, they'l ſay, they cannot hear.
But if the Preacher's voice reach not thine Ear,
Then change thy Poſture, Place, and preſs to hear.
His Doctrine pure, his Method was exact,
His Reaſons ſtrong, his Building was compact,
His Language proper, and his Heart was warm,
And yet how few, how few would hear him charm!
But Calumniator ſaith, *They'r Schiſmaticks,*
Fanaticks, Rioters, Traitors, Hereticks,
What not? He ſwears, he fears, he hears
Of Horſe and Arms, of Pikes and Muſquetiers
Among Diſſenters hidden lie. But where?
Under Lawn Approns. 'Tis like, 'tis likely there.
Did ever Satan yet diſgrace a Play?
Or Works of Darkneſs acted in the Day?
'Tis lawful by his Acts to meet at Dice,
At Wine, at Swords, at Cards for Avarice:
But he could ne're abide the Word of God,
No more than Sorcerers could *Aaron's* Rod.
He never ſaith there's Treaſon in a Play,
No Schiſm in ſhuffling Cards all night all day.

Pretences and allegations of careleſs People

Some will not hear in private, calling it *ſeditious*, as truly as that there are armed men hid under the good Womens white Aprons.

Go ſee and hear the Plays, and hum the Stage,
Applaud the Play'rs: at Preachers hiſs and rage.
Informer, *Satan*, hold thy lying Tongue,
Dare not to ſay there's any Plots among
Houſe-preaching Proteſtants; for they deteſt
Plots, *Papiſts*, *Pope*, and *Thee*, and all the reſt.
Thou grand Ejecter, load'ſt them with diſgrace,
Thou gav'ſt ſome of thy *All things* for their Place,
But could'ſt not buy their *Tongues:* where e'r thou art,
Thou plotteſt Plots and Miſchief, that's thy part.
Though Preachers dy, yet God will raiſe enow,
That ſhall thy Plots detect and overthrow.
Our holy Preacher had no other aim,
Than Sinners teach and ſave, and Grace proclaim.
To his once Auditors, tho dead, he ſaith,
Follow my Doctrine, Charity, and Faith.
An Arbor in his Garden, where he uſed to retire for ſtudy and devotion.
His *Arbour* may be call'd a holy Bow'r,
In which he prayed many a ſilent hour.
In reeling Times he ſtood, and walk'd with God,
In the pure ſteps of *Hilderſham* and *Dod*,
Of holy Martyrs kept alive by *Fox*,
Of Loyal *Puritans*, and Orthodox:
He did admire the venerable *Uſher*,
Uſher's Anſw. to the Challenge of *Malone* the *Iriſh* Jeſuit.
Who fought with *Rome* as tho he meant to cruſh her:
He took the Challenge, and diſarm'd *Malone*,
And gave the Friers cauſe to cry, *Ahone!*
Majeſtick *Brownrig*, and the *Reynolds* both,
Fulk, *Whitaker*, Aſſertors of the Truth:
New-England Hooker, Fellow in *Eman.* Coll. when he was ſtudent there. He would often ſpeak of him with admiration.
Ames, *Brightman*, *Perkins*, *Bradſhaw*, and *Paul Bains*,
Who in their ſeveral ways took worthy Pains.
He'd ſpeak of *Hooker* in *Immanuel*,
Of both the *Dyke's*, the worthy *Daniel*;
And *Boanerges Jeremy*, (ſo he
To call him us'd) *Richardſon* and *Eſtee*,

(Great

(Great Men in his eſteem) he would ſcarce yeild
That any better knew, of *Wethersfield*,
Daniel the Son of *Rogers*. *Sibbs* the ſweet,
Preſton the clear, and more of them did meet,
With this their holy melancholy Brother
Throckmorton (*George*) yea and many other
Good Men, eſteem'd by Saints of Great Renown,
That ſtrove to make the Abbots-Ley, God's Town.
I'le not leave out that pair of *Anthonies*,
Burgeſs and *Tuckney*, his Learned Chronies:
Nor yet his much beloved Doctor *Stanton*,
That daily Preacher. And admired *Manton*,
Some months before him, got a ſpeedy Wind,
And left him working for a while behind.
Baxter takes often leave, and cannot go,
He ſtays a Cauſe to plead, and Reaſon ſhow,
Why he and more ſhould have their Liberty,
To reſcue Souls from Hell's Captivity.
He puts two Biſhops in the Court Chriſtian,
For breaking Peace, to anſwer, if they can,
For fouleſt Sacrilege, and other Crimes,
For Outing Labourers in working times.
If they ſhould ſtop his mouth, and hinder *Love*,
He'll move the Judg to hear the Cauſe *above*.
I fear he'll get his promis'd Writ of Eaſe,
Before he end his Suit in *Common-Pleas*.
But our dear Friend from hence is thither gone,
Where *all* are *Puritans*, and *all are one*.
No Schiſm's there, nor Non-conformity;
No Croſs, but crowned Heads in Unity.
His Heart was with them here, but now his Soul
Is with them there, where Love and Peace controul.
Were there no more in Heav'n than thoſe that I
Have nam'd, in Light, in Love, in Purity,

Mrs. King's Wife was *Mr. G. Throckmorton's* Siſter.

Mr. Anthony Burgeſs of *Sutton Cofield*, & Dr. *Tuckney*.

Biſhop *Morley* of *Wincheſter*, and *Gunning* of *Ely*, to whom he dedicates his laſt Book.

The Title of his Book, the *Non-conformiſts Plea*.

How

How happy He! But there are Millions more,
Whoſe Names and Faces he ne're knew before,
And many more to come; for 'tis God's will,
That more be call'd, come in, his Houſe to fill.
Zaccheus having long'd our Lord to ſee,
Above the Multitude did climb a Tree:
So this bleſt Soul is got 'bove Sycamore,
To praiſe and ſee, and ſeeing to adore
His Jeſus, Lord, and King, 'bove Multitude,
'Bove Duſt and Wrath, in clear Beatitude,
Above imperfect Grace, and Faith's dim Light,
To ſee the All in All, A bleſſed Sight!

FINIS.

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